Mrs Paul 272

The Wellesley Magazine.

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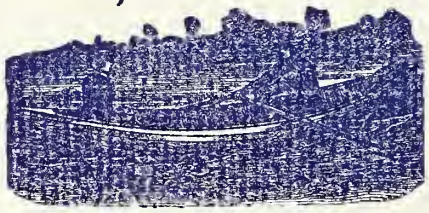

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EUROPEAN POLITICS.

THE past of continental Europe throbs with life and interest for the earnest student of history. Of not less interest is the present with its preparation, with its steady development of events, far reaching in their significance and of such a nature that politicians are fearful for the final outcome. He who has watched, either personally in Europe or through papers and magazines, the progress of European politics from the fall of the French Empire to the discharge of Bismarck, has seen an important part of history unfold. Momentous events have followed one another in rapid succession: The establishment of the German Empire in 1870; the entrance of Victor Emanuel into the new capital of Italy in 1871; the calling of Prince Amadeus Aosta in 1870, and his abdication in 1873; the taking possession of the vacant throne in Spain by Alfonso XII. in 1874; and the bankruptcy

of the Spanish finances in the same year; the death of Victor Emanuel and Humbert's accession to the throne in 1878. A great political change came when, by the death of Czar Alexander II. in 1881, the "Dreikaiserbundniss," which had been the guarantee of peace, was broken. But of even greater import was the death of the peace-loving Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, followed by the deaths of the much-beloved Emperor Friedrich and of Alfonso XII. of Spain; the tragic end of the noble Bavarian King, Ludwig II., and the suicide or murder of the Austrian crown-prince, Rudolf. Alexander von Battenberg was then elected Prince of Bulgaria in 1879, and by a conspiracy, concerted by the Russians, was dethroned in 1886. Then Prince Ferdinand von Coburg was elected to Bulgaria. The European powers only tolerated and did not recognize him — Russia strongly opposed and still opposes him. The comedy of King Milan's abdication and divorce is one of the many minor events of this teeming period; one of the greatest is the discharge of Bismarck and the deplorable fight against him. In Russia, Nihilism carried on its dark work; later, anarchism did its work of destruction in France. Worthy of mention are the great, though somewhat melo-dramatic, rise and the tragic end of Boulanger, and the almost innumerable overthrows of cabinets in France and elsewhere, not to forget the somewhat lively sessions of the French parliament.

To-day, the attention of the world is mainly directed toward the Panama scandal and the new military bill in Germany. The Panama scandal shows to the world, which looks at it with amazement, a sad picture of a never suspected corruption. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty ministers, senators, and deputies are branded as having received bribes from the Panama Company. In whom shall a nation believe, if it can not believe in its ministers, senators, and deputies? What a sad role has Charles de Lesseps, "the great Frenchman," the man to whom the whole nation, the whole world even, looked up with admiration, to play now! Did he really intend to do wrong? Surely not. He started the whole enterprise with the optimism peculiar to his nature and genius, trusting the business to the guidance of a kind star. But, in business questions, if one trusts to aught else than business-like work and dealings, the star followed will not fail to prove a will-of-the-wisp, which will lead to ruin. This is true of the Panama case, where money has been spent in a way unparalleled in the whole

business world. The Panama Company has used the sum of fourteen hundred million francs entrusted to it — the savings of half a million workmen and peasants — and yet for really useful work only a tenth part of this money has been spent. Beside the enormous sums which have been used for bribes and traveling expenses, there remain three hundred million francs unaccounted for in the report. What has become of this money is a secret which has not been revealed and perhaps never will be. That the indignation of the French people is great is not to be wondered at. The Royalists try to use this very indignation in their favor, proclaiming that the Republic is rotten to the core, and asserting that monarchy alone can give France a strong and stable government. But their time is not yet come if, indeed, it be ever to come again. The experiences of France with the monarchical form of government have been such that she is not likely to try this form soon again.

If the present situation in France continues, one may expect something extraordinary to happen at any time, since it is a diplomatic practice of old to disregard internal troubles in seeking foreign wars. The new military bill proves that Germany wishes to be prepared for all possible events. In the higher spheres there, belief in a not distant war has been often expressed recently; but, doubtless, this danger is emphasized so much because it is hoped thus to obtain the acceptance of the military bill. This bill, however, is of the greatest interest to all Europe, because it points to the possibility or rather, probability, of a coming war, in which, as matters lie, almost all the great European powers may be involved. In introducing the new bill, Germany does not intend to seek war, but simply to be armed so strongly that there will be very little danger of attack and that, if attacked, she may be able to fight under the most favorable circumstances.

The declaration of Count Caprivi, on November 23, 1892, in the Reichstag, that Germany must look forward to the probability of a war with two fronts, and his remark that the Triple Alliance is "perhaps as popular with no other of the three nations as with Germany," prove that German statesmen are not relying on the Triple Alliance, which now takes the place of the former "Dreikaiserbundniss," but shows itself less strong and sure than the latter and is not, like it, a guarantee of peace, but only an alliance against the Russian pretensions in the Orient. It was formed because Rus-

sia attempted to coerce Austria by way of Berlin. She even went so far as to threaten Austria with war. Bismarck then realized that it was in the interest of Germany to oppose Russia. He saw, as he said himself, that "to alienate ourselves from Austria necessarily meant that Germany would become a dependency of Russia if she did not want to be entirely isolated among the states." At the same time, he was well aware that even if Germany should, for a time, subordinate her own policy to that of Russia, she would be forced sometime to engage in war with Russia, even against her own will. It was then that, by the alliance with Austria, Germany escaped from the danger of becoming dependent on Russia and took her position of strict neutrality in the oriental question. In 1883 Italy joined the alliance because she had well-founded reasons to fear for her union and especially for her throne if she adopted a different policy. It is for this reason that the majority of Italians approved and approves the Triple Alliance. A closer relation with France can not fail to increase the republican ideas in Italy and to become thus dangerous to the monarchy itself. King Humbert knew, therefore, very well what he stood for when he declared in Berlin that the ministers in Italy may change but that the policy of the court will remain unchanged. However, Count Caprivi some time ago expressed his doubts as to the efficacy of the military aid which is to be expected from Italy. The main reason for this is probably to be sought in the financial condition of Italy, but perhaps also in the fact that there is a continual movement among the Italians which is not in favor of the Triple Alliance. This movement arises from those who desire the adoption of a policy in favor of France — perhaps in the hope that they may see Italy also become a Republic — and who, it may be, see in the distant background a Latin Republic composed of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal. The movements in Spain and Portugal already point to this very issue. Germany, after considering all these points, is therefore justified in not trusting too much in the alliance with Italy. Though it is stated by the French press that the Hungarians favor Russia more than Germany, it is unquestionably true only of certain individuals, for the Hungarians have always proved themselves politicians of great tact and foresight and are not likely to overlook the disadvantage of a Russophile policy in Austria. If Germany, then, tries to make herself strong enough to be able to take up the fight alone against two

fronts, it does not mean that she considers the Triple Alliance superfluous, and so far neither Austria nor Italy so consider it. A war against two fronts means, of course, defense against a probable revenge-war on the part of France and a possible provocation on the part of Russia.

As before said, Germany, upon the establishment of the German-Austrian alliance, assumed the role of neutrality in the oriental question. That is, Germany decided to keep in check the Russian, and also, if necessary, the Austrian aspirations in the Balkan and Turkey, in case of a liquidation of the latter, sooner or later. The Russian aspirations in the Orient are: Bulgaria, Constantinople, the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, Asia Minor, and a part of Mesopotamia — which, if granted, would make Russia the most powerful and, for the independence of the other states, the most dangerous state in Europe. That Russia is little pleased with the task Germany has undertaken of opposing all too great pretentions in the Orient is easily understood. Russia, therefore, for her part, opposes Germany's role of neutrality, saying that she is not impartial but partial, both for the English interests engaged in the Orient, and for the Austrian interests in the Balkans, and for Prince Ferdinand von Coburg, ruler of Bulgaria, whom the Russians and French call an agent of Germany. Bulgaria is, indeed, a child of sorrow to Russia and France and will sometime furnish the pretext for a war with Austria and Germany. Though matters in Bulgaria are better than they ever were, the French and Russian press is kept constantly busy in commenting on and sharply criticising almost everything going on in Bulgaria. An outcry of indignation goes through French and Russian papers on account of Stambuloff's dealing with the conspirators against the government and the life of the Prince. To read the French press one might believe these conspirators were not guilty and the proofs were all falsified — because, as it is said, they say so in St. Petersburg. If it had not been proved beyond doubt that Russian agents used their influence and money against the Bulgarian government and Prince Ferdinand, one possibly might believe what the French press states as true. J. Adam expresses the French feeling concerning the Bulgarian question in saying: "Austria has not even the benefit of her Bulgarian intrigues. . . . A third thief, England, has taken possession of Bulgaria, commercially, politically, and financially. Recently she has almost officially recognized the Prince of

Coburg, the Queen having received him as Prince of Bulgaria." With far more favor, Russia and France look upon Servia and the elections there: though disorder and passion ruled so that these elections proved, in the most literal sense, a fight for life and death, leaders of Liberals and Radicals having been killed. It is to be expected that the Radicals, who are in every way aided and protected by Russia, will be victorious. The significance of this is only understood fully when one realizes that no other state of the Balkans, not even Bulgaria, is of such importance to Russia and Austria as Servia. While Russia and France are evidently pleased with Servia, they look with anger upon Roumania, since Lord Salisbury has been to King Charles I. of Hohenzollern, as they call it, "adorable," adding in explanation that Roumania is so near Russia and that it will be, of course, useful to move all batteries against the great rival of England.

Furthermore, they comment on the fact that King Charles has just ordered one hundred and ten thousand new guns in Steyr, and they remark, "Germany prepares her friends for the offensive role she intends to play before long." It is also declared that the English marriage of Prince Ferdinand of Roumania will serve England, whose policy is now to favor the Triple Alliance. As English interests are so very deeply engaged in the Orient, she must of course be in sympathy with the Triple Alliance for the sake of her own interests.

France and Russia watch with intense interest the attitude which the new English Cabinet will take toward the Triple Aliance and the Bulgarian question. "Il Corriera di Napoli" is said to have lately published a letter from Gladstone to Mr. Schillizzi — which he wrote before he was at the head of the Cabinet. In this letter he expresses his dislike for a double or triple alliance because, as he says, "the final consequences of such cannot be pacific." Now it remains to be seen how far Gladstone will be willing to sacrifice English interests in the Orient to European peace. Germany has no business and no desire to engage unnecessarily in a war with Russia and thus, as it were, to "take the chestnuts out of the fire" for England. Germany realizes well enough that a war with Russia would cost enormous sums and, even if she were victorious, only England would have the benefit of it. If the opposite were the case, Germany would see her future freedom in danger, if not already lost. There are, it is true,

many Chauvinistes in Germany, too, but fortunately there are other classes also who consider the question of a possible defeat because they know it is impossible to foresee all possible events, lucky or unlucky chances, etc., on either side, in case of war. Germany has an unequalled army, it is true, but the bravery of the French army also is known. German military officers, who are most competent to judge speak in the highest praise of the French army and leave it an open question how the war of '70 would have turned out if France had had a genius equal to Moltke. The Russian soldier has also been supposed not to be worth much, but the report of German officers, who had opportunities to study the matter in Russia, is different. It is said that under the minister of war, Wanowski, matters have changed considerably for the better; however, it is known of old that the Russian soldier is not only ready to die in battle but also, if necessary, to starve without complaint. The Austrian military record of 1866 is not favorable to its soldiers, but it is said that in Austria, too, the army has improved. The Italian army is good and well-disciplined, but as to its power of endurance and constancy opinions are divided. An important question, in case of war, will be that of the battle field. If it is in Germany, Germany will be devastated; if in Russia — and Russia certainly will try to have the war in winter — the climate will doubtless prove fatal to the foreign soldiers. As to the armament, each nation tries to outdo the others in preparing for a terrible war — and it will be a terrible war, a war such as the world has never seen.

That the financial question of the standing armies is a serious one must not be overlooked: it has already proved serious in Italy where the deficit amounted to $47,000,000 according to the official report but, as many well-informed judges believe, to $75,000,000. France has increased her military budget; Russia has done the same, though her financial situation is known to be anything but a brilliant one; Germany has increased her budget from $309,000,000 to $540,000,000 and, if the military bill passes, will increase it to about $700,000,000; it is said that Austria intends to increase her budget even more than she has already. In France, desperate efforts have been made to see the Russian financial condition in a rosy light, though Mr. E. de Cyan, in an article in "La Nouvelle Revue des Deux Mondes," shows that the financial reports are not only full of contradictions but also untrue. Mr.

Witte has confessed to Mr. Sauvorine, the director of the "Nouveau Temps," that all the brilliant financial reports were not to be taken seriously, since they were "only jokes in writing; numbers being put where they were needed, now on the left and now on the right, while in reality the treasury contained not a copeck." This statement and the fact that Russia is trying again to place funds in foreign countries — about $5,000,000 of Russian funds have been already placed in France — shows that Russia will not very soon be able to engage again in war, especially as she is not yet ready with her armament. But this only delays the question, unless the continual threat of war can be utterly done away with, as it should be in this age of culture and philanthropy. Recently the question was raised as to whether it would be possible to obtain a guarantee of peace by an agreement with Russia. If peace with Russia were assured, unquestionably France, without the hope of Russian aid, would not dare to attack Germany, and would finally learn to give up her pretensions to the originally German and now once more German provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, which the German chancellor lately said Germany would not give up until she had shed the last drop of blood in her veins.

The question now is whether the Triple Alliance, for the sake of the suggested peace, would be willing to leave to Russia all she desires in the Orient. Of course not. Her pretensions ought then to be limited to what she can justly demand. This would be perhaps the right to pass the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus with her fleet in every season, and to establish a port on the Ægean Sea for her war ships, since England, France, Austria, and Italy have ports there already. But the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles ought then to be made neutral and open for the entrance of all war ships into the Black Sea and, at the same time, the other great nations would have to obtain territory for war ports in the eastern parts of the Mediterranean and Black Seas. The solution of this question ought to be brought about by an international congress, which, after a careful examination of the matter, would be able to finally settle the oriental question. Then Russia and France could use all their force and means for the development of their colonies, and Germany could begin a social reform, which is certainly the burning question and one of the greatest problems of the age — an ideal task, however difficult it may be. That this arrangement would not please

England very well is sure, because her first and last thought is to preserve her commercial supremacy, which of course would become doubtful as soon as the oriental way — which in a case of supremacy means almost the empire and riches of the world —were open to all. England, then, seeing her hopes and aspirations thus vanish, would have to reinforce her maritime force in the Ægean and Black Seas. But it seems that England need not fear matters will take that course, for there is actually no statesman in Europe capable of directing matters this way, since Bismarck is out of the question. By the way, it is amusing to see how everything that goes wrong is attributed to Bismarck's influence: there is a certain party which would even like to make the nation believe Bismarck responsible for every adverse political event. Unfortunately for them, facts belie their assertions. On the 16th of May, 1890, Caprivi declared in the Reichstag that his predecessor had left him the most favorable inheritance, as regards foreign politics. He said: "I have found circumstances which force me at present to no action, to no personal participation, because circumstances are so clear and simple that they take care of themselves." Caprivi is unquestionably an excellent soldier and an absolutely honest man, but that he is a great statesman nobody can pretend. His lack of ability is shown, if in nothing else, by the fact that under his direction the extremely valuable possessions in Africa were given away for the little island of Heligoland, so that Stanley said, in a speech in London: "England got for a button a whole suit." It has been under the régime of Caprivi that matters have ceased to be what they were; he was obliged to declare in the Reichstag, on November 23, 1892, that Germany had lost her military supremacy over Europe and that she might possibly have to undertake a war with two fronts; also, that the Triple Alliance was perhaps with none of the three nations so popular as with us. What, then, brought about these great changes? The policy of the so-called "new course" has been named the "policy of misunderstanding," and this seems justifiable when one reads one day that this or that speech of the Emperor contained this or that misunderstanding, and also that Caprivi's speech in the military commission has been entirely misunderstood. Was there ever misunderstanding when Bismarck delivered one of his powerful speeches? It was in his time only that Germany could really say: "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world"; and when the Emperor lately repeated

the same words — Bismarck's words — they could not and did not mean what they did in Bismarck's time. And yet what reward has the great man for making Germany what it is — perhaps it would be already truer to say: "what it was"? When Bismarck went to Vienna, to the wedding of his son, the court and the diplomats there were requested not to receive him and to stay away from the wedding. The result was that the Emperor of Austria did not receive Bismarck and the diplomats, with few exceptions, kept out of his way. But his return through Germany, his sojourn in Kissingen, proved that Germans are not, after all, quite as ungrateful as the government would lead the world to believe; and although some courtiers and certain periodicals, who formerly paid servile respect to him, have found it necessary to change their tone toward Bismarck, since he is not any more in power, yet this attitude is not to be thought a true exponent of the feeling of the German nation at large. Bismarck himself said in Kissingen that he was treated as a dangerous and suspicious person, but added the very instructive lesson "It is hurtful to the book if one attacks the author."

As there is now no statesman able to control European politics as Bismarck formerly did, this continual threat of war, with the consequent necessity of keeping a large standing-army, must be at some time carried out. Hence Europe lives in the constant expectation of war. From which quarter the storm will burst can not be predicted. But it is to be expected in any case that Germany will take the defensive, not the offensive. For Russia and France to seek war may any day become a necessity on account of the domestic situation. If not before, when Turkey is forced to liquidate and the powers are obliged to make a stand for their respective claims in the Orient, war will inevitably be precipitated. It would be far better, if it can not be avoided, that it should take place in the not distant future, because the never-ceasing threat of war, with its pressure upon commerce and its absorption of public thought and energies, hinders the progress of the vital social questions — hinders the ethical development of our times.

Luise C. M. Habermeyer.

SPANISH DANCING SONG.

Two and two upon the pier,
Music drifting,
Moonlight shifting,
White-capped billows near—
Dancing,
Glancing,
Two and two upon the pier!

Deft brown fingers sweep the strings,
Gladness flinging,
Sadness bringing,
Of remembered things;
Rhyming,
Chiming,
Deft brown fingers sweep the strings!

Young and old the measure keep,
Joyance taking,
Laughter waking
Nightingales asleep;
Greeting,
Fleeting,
Young and old the measure keep!

Sun must rise and dance be done;
Yet beguiling,
Weeping, smiling,
Maidens' hearts are won—
Guessing,
Blessing,
Sun must rise and dance be done!

LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES, '91.

IBSEN'S NEW PLAY.

IBSEN'S plays, as perhaps no other author's, bear a definite relation one to another; each play is either the foundation of a future one, or the legitimate development of a preceding. But his new play, "The Master Builder," while it has its well defined place among his works, occupies rather a unique position besides, for here Ibsen gives us his attitude toward his own creations, he interprets himself.

As yet "The Master Builder" is almost an unknown quantity on our side of the water. It has not been translated into English except as a detached scene or two has drifted into the magazines, and even the critics, for the most part, have left it distrustfully alone. But German and French translations already exist, and it has taken its place as one of the most talked of books of the European literary world.

In "The Master Builder," as is usual with Ibsen's plays, there is not much action and not much plot, while the conversation is as artistically commonplace as ever. Ibsen has far too serious purposes in view to allow of the delicacy and wit of the Shakesperian dialogue; brief and incisive, with him every word tells and none is superfluous.

To tell the story of an Ibsen play is to give the form and not the soul. His characters are always symbols, his plot but the cloak of a new phase of thought. And this was never more true than it is of "The Master Builder." And so it is that I fear to begin.

Once upon a time Solness, the master builder, looked upon the world with happy eyes. He lived in a great house whose front was dark with age, but inside it was rich with old-time treasures and bright with happiness and peace. And then Solness began to dream. His wife, his baby boys no longer contented him, and instead of the old house in the great garden, ambitious visions came to him of what he could do if the property were only his instead of Aline's, his wife; if the old house would only burn, of the smart new villas he would build, and the name the unknown young master-builder would carve for himself. And one day the fire came. Solness was guiltless except in his thoughts, and his ambitions were realized. With the opportunities given him he began to rise. He was bright and energetic and knew how to use the talents of others. In short, he became a great master builder. But he purchased his desires at a terrible price. The babies

perished through exposure at the fire, and Aline, who had always been a cold, silent woman, became a statue, grieving ever over her children, and even more over the home of her youth and its lost treasures. And for Solness happiness was gone forever. His conscience, spurred on by his imagination, made him believe himself the cause of all the evil. Even his wealth and fame became hateful to him, for they but mocked him with his lost happiness.

Before his home had been destroyed, he had his greatest pleasure in building churches with great high towers, but when his boys were gone he built no more. Worldly prosperity was all he had to live for, his ideals were lowered, he entered the business world, and was ruled by business codes of honor, or rather dishonor. As I have said, most of his ideals were destroyed, but one was left to him, to build homes not houses for happy men and women and their little children.

Long years before sorrow had entered his life, Solness had built a church in a little village near by; and when it was finished; according to the old Norwegian custom that the master builder should be the first one to trust his life to the new building, he climbed the high tower and placed upon it a wreath of flowers, and far down below, among the village merrymakers, a little girl rejoiced in his strength and fearlessness, and in his position, high up above all other men. The builder was the greatest man in the world in her eyes. And when he came down he kissed her and promised that when he should come back, in ten years time, he would bring her a kingdom. The little girl was Hilda. Through the long years she waited and waited, and when her master builder did not come to her, she went to him. Hilda is a perfect child of nature, utterly free from the conventional trammels of society, the conventional trammels of life, but with a true and loving heart. She has deified her master builder into a king, standing perfectly fearless and joyous above the world. And she comes to demand her kingdom.

She finds a man, morbid to the verge of insanity, no longer fearless, but with a craven fear of all his younger rivals, and dead to all the joy of life. And, bitterest blow of all, she learns that since that day he has never dared trust himself to his own buildings; his nerve is entirely gone, and the height confuses him and makes his head swim.

But Hilda comes to him like a breath of his old life and fills him with

new courage. She longs to see him her king again, and to please her he promises to place with his own hands the wreath of flowers upon the new home he has just built for himself. And then, when he comes down, he will no longer build homes for mankind, for houses are all they want; but he will build a great shining castle for Hilda, who is still fresh and unspoiled. And Hilda will give him of her joy, and in their kingdom they will find happiness together.

The new house is finished. And as the workmen assemble to celebrate the completed work, the word is passed around that the master builder, for the first time since they can remember, is going to perform the quaint old ceremony for himself. Aline tries to prevent him and shudders at his new freak. But Hilda gazes with rapt, starry eyes as he mounts higher and higher. He has reached the top at last and a great shout goes up as he flings the wreath of roses around the lofty tower; and then there is a cry of horror, the master builder has fallen, the master builder is dead.

But Hilda is happy, for she has found her king again.

As I have said, the American critics have done very little with the play as yet. Perhaps they are waiting for the Boston Ibsen societies to discuss it and give them the lead. But then, as one young woman told me, "Ibsen's no longer the thing, it's Paderewski now, you know." Poor critics, and poor Ibsen!

One critic has suggested in a tentative manner that the play is obscure, and therefore to be condemned. If it only had the clearness of Howell's "Mouse-trap," or "Mother Goose,"—I suppose he would go on to say. I wonder whether the critics of Shakespeare's day condemned "Hamlet" on the same grounds! But then, most of our critics know that "Hamlet" is great because Shakespeare wrote it, and only Ibsen wrote "The Master Builder."

And gaining courage by the sound of his own voice, much the same sort of courage that urges some men on where angels fear to tread, our little critic goes on to say that it surprises *him* that a German audience would stand such a play for a whole evening as is now on the stage of the Lessing Theatre. And then, presumably fearing the effect of the severity of his criticism on Ibsen, he generously concedes that a little of "The Master Builder" would not be bad, and that it is rather bright. Such discernment, such discrimination is astounding.

Ibsen is not a popular author. His great ideas are developed in silence and are of the kind that penetrate men's minds but slowly, yet they penetrate surely and will at length be proclaimed from the market place. That time has already dawned for the old world. In "The Magazin fur das Literatur" for January there is an article about "The Master Builder," entitled "Ibsen's Confession." And this seems to me to be the key to the play, its true significance. With this clue the work of interpretation becomes fascinating. Ibsen is Solness and every new incident is but an added link in the chain.

The master builder leaves the church because he could not build with freedom. Is not Ibsen's one cry that of freedom for the individual soul? And did he not revolt against the spirit of authority and conventionality in the church?

And again, Solness says, after the death of his babies, "Oh, that such things should be allowed to happen here upon earth! From that day I lost them I built no more churches of my own free will." Can we not imagine the cry "Can such things be" coming from Ibsen's great heart as he looked for joy and beauty in the world, and found only wretched suffering humanity.

The master builder left the church to enter the market place. He could no longer build churches for God, but he could build homes, happy homes, for man. But the men of our day no longer wanted homes, "houses are all they care for," Solness bitterly exclaims. And what else has Ibsen been pleading for? What else does Nora demand? No longer a house, a conventional marriage, but a true home, the marriage of the soul.

Even his name, "The Master Builder," has a profound significance. Solness says, "What I know I have found out for myself. I cannot call myself an architect, for I am not a technical worker, for I have no degree." Has Ibsen taken his place in the modern world as a graduate of any school of thought? Ibsen, too, has gained his knowledge from men and women, from the world itself. He is no architect, only a master builder.

Solness when young could mount the towers of his own buildings. Once upon a time Ibsen could look with confidence from the lofty heights of his own moral creations. But, through long years of searching for truth in a false world, he also becomes discouraged, thinks of the *pillars of society* rot-

ting and crumbling away beneath his feet, is haunted by *ghosts* of the past, and then distrusts even his own ideals. Hilda comes to Solness, hope and new courage to Ibsen. Solness dares once more to mount his own buildings and crown them with the wreath of roses. He falls, but not until he has reached the top.

Ibsen decides to do what no other poet has ever done, dares to measure himself by his own ideals. He, too, becomes heart-sick and dizzy when he thinks of the moral heights to which his own ideals point. And then the old poet, calling together his mighty strength, gives the master builder, and tells the tragedy of his life. He declares himself before mankind, for he has called them to judgment for sins of which he himself is guilty, has created ideals to whose dizzy heights he cannot mount. "He who would save his life must lose it." Ibsen, knowing his own weakness, offers himself a willing sacrifice. And what though he fail, he has vindicated his ideals, for he is willing to lose his life for them.

April 3, '93. MILDRED FEENY.

A BOTANY LESSON.

(*Not* as taught at Wellesley.)

Two by two through the straggling village
The grave professor leads his class;
Above them the April sun is shining,
And beneath their feet is the springing grass.

Out from the village and through the meadows
They follow the winding country lane;
Till they reach the woods where the first flowers blossom,
And a word disperses the merry train.

Here and there through the depths they wander,
Seeking the delicate blossoms of spring;
Singing and jesting with youth's keen pleasure,
Till the shadowy aisles with music ring.

Till their hands are full of the fragrant treasures,
And their baskets laden with shining loot;
While half unheeded the grave professor
Lectures of blossom and leaf and root.

Brightly the brooklet gleams and glances;
The light wind ruffles the silver sheen;
And the April sun shoots its golden lances
Down through the mist of tender green.

In every tree the birds are singing,
And amid the glee of the minstrel throng
The note of the wood-dove lingers sadly,
Like the undertone of a poet's song.

What wonder if, as the shadows lengthen,
Two from the merry throng should stray!
If their talk should wander from botany's marvels
To a theme that is sweeter and stranger than they!

What wonder if whispered words are followed
By snatches of silence strangely sweet!
If her eyes should droop and her voice should falter,
As she feels the glance that she will not meet!

What wonder if, under the spreading branches,
'Neath the higher arches of heaven's own blue,
They two should enter the land enchanted—
The old, old land that is ever new.

But soon their leader recalls the wand'rers,
And his measured tones have a cordial glow,
As he speaks of what his class has accomplished,
And the grand results that their note-books show.

But little the grave professor guesses,
As he smiles approval on lad and lass
Passing home through the odorous twilight,
What lesson they learned in his botany class.

'94.

A TASTE OF HAWAIIAN ROYALTY.

Quite a ripple of excitement ran over Wellesley one fair morning several years ago when we were told that the queen of the Sandwich Islands would visit the college that day. With eagerness we donned our whitest gowns and barely tolerated recitations, awaiting the six strokes of the great bell which should summon us to the chapel, curious as we were to see Kapiolani and her sister-in-law, the heir to the Hawaiian throne.

At last we saw Her Majesty and heard her speak. We strained our ears to catch from her lips the unfamiliar sounds of the Hawaiian; and our hearts were full of pride when a member of our faculty, Miss Lucy Andrews, stepped forward and recited a poem in the native tongue of our royal visitors. Then, I remember, we went forth, a white-robed procession of girls, winding over the lawns, to see our guests plant a tree in front of Music Hall, amid the notes of fresh girlish voices and the twittering of birds in the trees above, who doubtless wondered what it was all about. As we came in the north entrance, we found a group in the reception room, writing their autographs for the queen to carry to her island home. A great honor indeed to write in a queen's album! At last the party drove off, with good-bys and flutterings of handkerchiefs, and then, I believe, we did so prosaic a thing as to go to lunch. But memories of this day lingered in the thoughts of all, and for many days Dominic kept alive our remembrance by a marvelous bit of pastry which he concocted and named Kapiolani pudding.

Little did I dream that day of ever beholding the throne of Hawaii in its habitat, — Iolani Palace, Honolulu,— but here again have I met royal personages — a queen and a prince. I have been so fortunate as to visit the palace on occasions of a state ball, a royal reception and *luan* (or native feast), a queen's musical, and a morning lecture. I have seen the royal mausoleum, a royal funeral *corteye* and the opening of the legislature by the queen.

Personally, I have been well-treated by Liliuokalani, but I have not been able to give her my sympathy in the events of the past three months. I have seen the struggle between royal prerogative and popular right; between royal authority and constitutional precedent; between the generally corrupt, underhanded methods of a dying monarchy and the noble,

outspoken advocacy of government reform. Liliuokalani's disregard of law and right by retaining as marshal of the kingdom a royal favorite, in defiance of public opinion; her delay in filling cabinet vacancies and her pandering to the "back-stairs palace faction" when she did appoint ministers; her advocacy of the lottery and opium bills, and her hypocrisy in kindly receiving committees of ladies who had come to plead with her to use her influence against such monstrous iniquity, and in asking their prayers, then in almost the same breath swearing to her attendants to be revenged on those *wahines;* and, finally, her revolutionary attempt to force upon the people a new constitution which was to disfranchise most of the property-owners and place more power in her own hands — all these facts, to say nothing of scandals and idolatrous practices connected with Liliuokalani's name, have made me a non-royalist. I agree with the native Hawaiian who looked at the stars and stripes floating over the Government Building, and then across at the empty, bannerless palace, and said: "It's the Queen's own fault." She is a woman, therefore let her have our pity; she is a misguided woman, therefore let her not have our support. As she deliberately chooses to follow unworthy advice when she might have the counsel of able and upright men, we can but distrust her motives and guard against her actions.

But the Wellesley girls of to-day have had a glimpse of royalty as well as we fossils of the last decade. They, too, have gazed on a flesh-and-blood princess, and the real beauty and fancied wrongs of the fair young Kaiulani have made many champion her cause. It is not *her* fault that monarchy is in disrepute. Fifty years of self-government seem to prove that the Hawaiian cannot rule himself or others. His is a warm-hearted, ignorant, improvident, pleasure-loving race, which does best when directed by strong, responsible authority. He needs education and civilization and breadth in religion, rather than the superstitious, half-heathen worship so prevalent.

It is little wonder that the revolutionists have been suspected of low motives by those away from Hawaii. The world over, there has almost always been some unworthy demagogue with selfish aims of aggrandizement who has involved his credulous followers in the snare of rebellion and then left them to make their own way out. Therefore it is not a matter of surprise that many American journals of repute condemn this attempt, and talk of "percent gospel," and "barterers," and "sugar-barons' schemes."

Could these who condemn know the spirit and integrity of the men who have risked their lives in this movement, could they realize the sacrifice and pecuniary loss of those who went as commissioners to Washington, could they investigate the unimpeachable record of President Dole, who voluntarily resigned from the Supreme Court to further this just cause, could they see the contrasted corruption and smallness of soul in many of the royalist supporters, could they read the history of royal rule in these islands, then our cause would be upheld north and south, east and west, by Republicans and Democrats, and independent voters most of all.

The United States flag no longer floats over Aliiolani Hale, but there are hundreds of persons who show its colors. There is a flourishing Annexation Club of over two thousand members of all stations in life, and hundreds of them native Hawaiians. [There are only about thirty-three hundred voters on this whole island.] This club, too, has a large and enthusiastic junior contingent. The cause of annexation is ably upheld by five wide-awake papers, one of which, just born, has sprung full-panoplied into the arena of Hawaiian politics. But, best of all, the Provisional Government is grandly sustaining itself in spite of friendly criticism, open opposition, and anonymous scurrility. There could scarcely be a greater feeling of security and order than has existed in Honolulu since the memorable seventeenth of January, when the party of reform staked life and property on the cause of nineteenth century liberty for Hawaii nei.

MABLE WING CASTLE.

DOROTHY McRAIN.

MY Lady Dorothy was out in the big orchard making flower-babies. Did you ever make flower-babies? Ah, well, you can't half tell what you've missed. You just take the tiniest and whitest of the little daisy-heads to use for the faces, you know, and buttercups for the most beautiful of bonnets, while for long court trains what could be better than the velvety dusty miller? Oh, I tell you, Dorothy could do it! Cinderella was there, and Boy Blue, and little Miss Muffet, with a sash made all out of the most elegant striped grass. The big blue sky was all flecked over with

fleecy clouds, and away off, farther than Dorothy could see, the great hills stretched away in endless white and gold, the daisies and buttercups.

The dew wasn't off the grass yet, and Dorothy's ankle-ties were just a little wet. She had no business to have been out there at all, but neither Katie nor papa knew any better. If any stranger, not knowing My Lady Dorothy, by chance asked the child where mamma was, Dorothy always answered, very gravely and sweetly, "My mamma has gone away." Ah yes, Dorothy's mamma had "gone away" forever, away from her little one, eternally away in that great heaven from which she could never come back but to which Dorothy would some time go to her.

Dorothy was papa's own Dorothy, and stern Professor McRain sometimes unbent to his little daughter in a style which would have mightily astounded the seminary boys. Dorothy thought there was nothing like papa, and in all respects endeavored to be as much like him as possible. It was only by dint of great persuasion, and the entire approval of the Professor, that My Lady Dorothy had been induced to tolerate the presence of a really, truly doll in the list of her possessions, but when once assured of her father's respect, she took Elmira Maud close into the recesses of her staunch little heart as fondly as any other little maiden would.

Elmira Maud had suffered somewhat as to her classic nose, and one sleeve of her gown hung limp and aimless, proving that My Lady Dorothy's tender mercies were not so very tender, but she occupied the seat of honor at Dorothy's right hand and all the flower-babies in the world could not have superseded her.

Over the other side of the orchard wall lay a boy and a book, or rather perhaps I should say, a book and a boy, for the book altogether had the better of it. The daisies and buttercups had no attraction for Dick Hasley; the sky might be flecked with twice the number of fleecy clouds, they could not banish from his thoughts the growing terror of expulsion which somehow kept his mother's face between him and his book. Had he been so very bad? He stopped to think. What hadn't he done? It wasn't a week since he had stuffed the cracks of the registers with sulphur, dressed up the skeleton, and fastened a miserable little calf adorned with the Professor's spectacles in the presidential chair. But the last and crowning offense which, as Professor McRain said, had not even the grace of native wit, was

the gluing together of the leaves of the physiology chart. Professor McRain had said little but had looked volumes, and perhaps Dick's memory and conscience had helped him to understand.

He had had a last lingering wish, which was not great enough to be a hope, that he might at least retrieve himself in scholarship, and had brought his Latin books to the farthest limit of the seminary grounds, to "peg," as he would have told you, and make up for lost time. It was many a day since he had known his Latin lesson; he was almost afraid it would give McRain too great a shock.

His bicycle lay temptingly beside him, but, so far, had been resolutely resisted.

"Confound it all, why under the heavens was Cicero ever born?" he broke out, while the Seven Selected Orations described a parabolic curve and struck the orchard wall with a mocking bang.

"Yeth, Elmira Maud, why under the heaventh wath Thithero ever born?" murmured a soft voice on the other side. "Let uth conthider the quethion." This last in life-like imitation of Professor McRain's dignified mode of speech. Dick stretched his eyes wide, and actually a queer little smile crept into them. He awaited developments. Five, ten minutes, and still no sound or sign. Dick grew restless. Another five, and the developments not appearing, Dick went after them. A slight pressure of his brown hands on the top of the wall, and he was astride. There on the grass sat a tumbled lassie of perhaps three summers, with a brown mass of hair lying in little damp rings on her forehead and pushing out from under a small white cap; a crumpled white frock reaching quite to her plump feet, and Elmira Maud reclining gracefully on her head. Two wondering brown eyes looked up at him, and a clear little voice piped out, "Who beth you?" then, as if mindful of something, "Beth you Thithero?" "Certainly," said Dick, wickedly, "Cicero himself, and, as for you, you must be old McRain's little daughter. What's your name, kid?" "Dorothy," said My Lady, not at all resenting the "Kid," perhaps something in the brown face reassured her. "Come down, Thithero." Dick shook his head and laughed. Dorothy picked herself up gravely, likewise as gravely Elmira Maud, gravely came to the wall, and, still gravely, held up both dimpled hands. Cicero could not resist the appeal. Should he? She walked like Professor McRain, talked

like Professor McRain, and, when Dick stopped to consider, yes, smiled like Professor McRain. He lifted her over the wall.

But no sooner was My Lady over, then she spurned all further advances. In nobody's lap would she sit, not she. She ran for the bicycle and with a truly scientific air, as Dick afterwards declared, began to inspect its mechanism. Dick returned to the Defence against Cataline, and clung to Elmira Maud, as being the best hold upon her little mistress. "Strange," he muttered, with a grim appreciation of his humor, "that Cicero can not translate his own orations," and he gave the already abused volume another thump. "Allow me to athitht you," said Dorothy, just as she had often heard her father, and so like him that Dick started and then smiled again at the lisp. She came gravely across to the book, and meditatively peered over Dick's shoulder. "Dorothy," said he, "don't you want to ride on that big, big wheel?" Dorothy smiled. Everything about My Lady was full of grown-up dignity which sat comically upon the childish figure. She put up both hands demurely, and again Dick felt that strong impulse to take her. He considered the matter pro and con. In the first place, it was breaking the rules to leave the seminary grounds; in the second, he had not the slightest right to take Dorothy from home, not even over the wall. Yet, expulsion was certain, why not do as he chose?

He lifted Dorothy on his arm, and mounted his bicycle. He seated her in front, and she clung tightly to his jacket. Away they spun, Dick carefully selecting the by-ways and striking out for the broad country road. Dorothy laughed and chattered, resting her little white cap trustingly against his waist-coat. Now and then, Dick, looking down at her, thought what an odd little child it had grown to be, shut up with Professor McRain. By and by he turned homeward, choosing the shadier ways, and bending his head over Dorothy to shield her from the sun. Nearer and nearer they came to the seminary, nearer and were almost there, Dick with a little repentance in his heart, Dorothy with only a great delight and an unwonted excitement glowing in her cheeks. Alas! Who was that just stepping into the path? Professor McRain! Dick gasped, a big black dog rushed in front of the wheel, Dorothy jumped in his arms, and the next moment it was all over. With the chivalry and protecting tenderness that was always in his heart, but which only his mother knew, Dick made no effort to save himself, but with a last instinctive movement lifted the little

girl high above his head. He fell, and with him fell Dorothy, and after them the bicycle.

He lay there, the blood from a wound somewhere on his head making a little path through his hair and his two brown hands still clasping Dorothy, where unhurt and not even crying, she had dropped upon the grass. Professor McRain, looking down at him, found his first great wrath subsiding, pity and a sudden respect for the boy growing in its place. He stooped, and would have lifted Dorothy, but she clung strangely to Dick's jacket, and tried to wake him with her soft little hands. Her grave little face had grown very pale, and the big tears were rolling pitifully down her cheeks. Dick opened his eyes and smiled at her.

They lifted him and carried him straight into Dorothy's home, up, up, to a cool, sweet-scented chamber, and laid him on the bed. The doctor, a pompous, fat little man, smilingly sewed up the wound in his head, and after it all was done, still smilingly went away. The Professor came in and spoke to him. Only Dorothy came not. Dick closed his eyes and slept.

"Hasley," said Professor McRain, just at twilight, "you brought it all on yourself. It was another one of your foolish pranks. But," added he, very softly and with an odd little catch in his voice, "it might have been very much worse for my little girl, if it had not been for you. And, Hasley," said the Professor, still more softly, "we have decided, the others and I, that we can't spare you just yet at the seminary. You forget yourself too well in danger to be anything but a man." Something very hot and queer was the matter with Dick's eyes.

Dorothy came gravely in, in her little night-gown, to say good-night.

"My fweet-heart's the man in the moon," sang she. "Dorothy," said her father, lifting his eye-brows, "who in the world would teach you such a song?" "Thithero," said Dorothy, standing aloft on her tip-toes to touch the brown hand on the pillow.

LILIAN B. QUINBY.

WAKING-TIME.

On the cradling boughs
Cuddled limbs arouse;
Bonny babes get up from curtained beds below;
Pinafores of green,
Caps of gayest sheen,
They'll wear for summer frolics to and fro.

ADA MAY KRECKER.

"A CHIEL'S AMONG YOU TAKING NOTES."

IN a certain renowned college, surrounded by extensive grounds and looking out from its southern side upon a gently smiling lake, there is a long and many-alcoved library, whose elevation lies a few feet below the main hall, from which one enters it. Near the library door stands a broad-lapped bench, the exact location of which requires rather more of a detailed explanation than the Chiel at present feels disposed to enter upon. But he would say, in a general way, that it is very conspicuously situated; and that, by reason of its position, many who have visited this spot have the bench forever deeply rooted in their memories. Unscientifically speaking, its carved wooden structure holds a strong magnetic influence, which draws the wary and unwary alike to fasten themselves upon it. And not only does the bench itself possess this magnetism. All the regions round about — namely, that portion of the college building in front of a neighboring reading-room door, near the base of Diana's statue, and bordering the library entrance — attract the student multitudes and hold for them much the same relation as did the public market-place to the ancient Greeks. Here you may hear the secrets of the universe expounded, questions of the day discussed, public and private grievances rehearsed, as well as the passing gossip of the hour. Perhaps the bulletin of daily events — for if you turn round the corner by the bench, and then look directly opposite you at the blackboard across the hall, the news of the day, arranged in the form of topics, may be taken in by one swift glance — plays a part in making this place popular; but the Chiel strongly suspects the bench of being the principal actor.

Now it happened that one day, after mingling and chatting with a group assembled in the regions of the bench, the Chiel descended into the library, and threw himself into a chair at the centre table nearest the door. He opened a book with the intention of enlarging his intellectual life by delving down into the thoughts of an ancient sage; but, as distinctly audible voices were continually wafted in upon him, he finally gave up his intention, and fell into a silent soliloquy. Remorse gnawed at the marrow of his soul. "Would that I had cast my eyes down into this library, and had considered, and had restrained my tongue," he moaned in anguish. Seated at the same table were several students who evidently believed that sometimes educa-

tion may be further advanced by using one's own eyes and ears, especially the latter, and by paying attention to what is going on around, than by applying one's self closely to books. Besides believing in such a theory, the person who sits at this table should be in a calm and uncritical state of mind, and should be willing to preserve a prudent silence about what she (in this institution the pronoun *she* is generally used instead of the more common *he*) hears.

Do not imagine that a surging crowd blockades the library door. There are rarely more than five or six persons; but, somehow, there is an impression of a crowd — possibly because the tones of those who are present commingle with the echo of the voices and footfalls of those who have just departed. Not even the presence of a cap and gown can quiet the general disturbance. It ought to be explained, perhaps, that this college does not compel students to wear the cap and gown; but about the spring of the year, the senior class, out of pure goodness, dons the bewitching attire, and the institution takes on a more scholastic air. Once in a while, these gown-capped young women themselves tarry and talk within hearing distance of the library.

The Chiel has noted that lately several of the disciples of the bench have been discussing the all-absorbing subject of class elections. This topic has not been placed upon the bulletin board on account of its extreme local nature. Although it might seem to some that the whole of North America, and even parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia ought to feel a keen interest in the subject, yet such an interest they fail to show.

Would you not like to hear some scraps of conversation which have been made public property by word of mouth? Yes? Of course the Chiel will not make use of real names.

"How are you, Melpomene? Who is your candidate for Senior Class President?"

"Well — I — don't — know, Lucinda. I think I shall wait and see who is put up, and then vote for the one who gets the majority."

"No, sir! I don't think that is the way to do at all. I think every one ought to consider the matter carefully for herself, and choose her own candidate."

"Whom have you chosen?"

"Well, my dear, no girl seems exactly able to fill the place; but, taking everything into consideration, I think A—— B—— is the girl we want."

"Not at all! I can't bear her."

A third party now comes sauntering along and remarks, "I hear you are discussing *the* question. Q—— R—— is my candidate."

"Why, Victoria Elaine," cry both Melpomene and Lucinda. "Dreadful!"

"Well, now, please name the qualities you desire a Senior Class President to have," suggests Victoria Elaine.

Lucinda straightens up, steps forward, and volunteers: "She must make a decidedly favorable impression upon strangers. She must be dignified. She must have an interesting face, charming manners, and a good figure. She must be very scholarly, but not a dig; deep, but not tiresome; self-possessed, but not conceited. She must have a lovely character. She must be respected by the faculty, and able to conduct herself creditably with people of superior learning. She must be a brilliant conversationalist. She must give promise of making something of herself after she leaves college. She must belong to a family of high social standing. She must have great executive ability and take a personal interest in each of her classmates. She must be able to decide things for herself, and not wait for people to back her up. She must have good common sense. She must be thoroughly cultured and possess a fine personal appearance. She must be a girl who stands out as pre-eminently prominent wherever she goes. She must have high ideals. I can't think of any other necessary qualities just now."

"I should think not," rings out the voice of Melpomene. "Now please show us that kind of a girl, and I'll vote for her. The candidate you mentioned just now does not fill that ticket."

"Well, perhaps not, I don't believe any one does. I'm shocked at the great deficiency of our class."

A fourth girl, Olivia, arrives upon the scene.

"Who is *your* candidate, Olivia?"

"Well — of the girls who are up — I shall vote for C—— D——, although I am willing to vote for D—— E——; but C—— D—— is decidedly my choice. If the vote should be divided between them, and neither would stand a chance of getting it on account of a third candidate, I think that I should be willing to vote for D—— E——, if she had the majority of the two."

"That is the way I feel," says Melpomene.
But the bell calls for thoughts about things of a different nature.

Have you ever visited the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge — in Massachusetts? Several species of the most highly developed class of the type Chordata, among whom was the Chiel, went thither about two weeks ago, to become better acquainted with the nature of their primitive ancestors. These, it is to be hoped, received due respect from their visitors; for when, in the infinite future, man shall have evolved to that stage when wisdom teeth shall have dropped out of fashion, and the present newly discovered methods of embalming have long ago passed into general use, perhaps a few of — but the rest of the thought is not pleasing.

After harnessing up their minds and driving their observations toward zoological technicalities for an hour or so, the Chiel and his friends let the reins loose for the remaining time, and enjoyed themselves in a free and easy manner. They had been previously convinced that animals think, and now speculated extensively upon their mental calibre.

The interesting facial expression of the animals was one of their most impressive qualities. Some few, to be sure, seemed of sullen and morose disposition; but most of them seemed either absorbed in deep musings and far-away reveries, or sorrowful, pained, and oppressed, perhaps, by a sense of their own finiteness. The Chiel lingered long near the monkeys. One old fellow, strong, broad-shouldered, stalwart, and bearing upon his brow the mark of the mighty gorillas, but somewhat bent with age, stood with staff in hand, and by a certain dignity compelled his more highly civilized relations to reverence him as the patriarch and counsellor of his tribe. And this was only his stuffed image!

When you visit the Museum be sure to note the tiny, tickled expression which the owls conceal behind their wise and sober visages; the happy-go-lucky air of the walruses; the tremendous majesty of the African elephant, with an inconsistent small bit of a wink in his small eyes. There are thousands of pleasant remembrances connected with that Museum; and the Chiel would presume to speak about it more at length, were the limits of time and space less inexorable.

M. K. I.

Editorial.

SPRING is coming! Spring is here! So we have been informed for a month past by enthusiastic newspapers, and hopeful milliners and confiding poets, and so we ourselves are inclined to believe, notwithstanding certain disheartening experiences in the way of sleet and cold winds and gloomy heavens. Did we base our confidence on such fickle and transitory matters as blue skies, sunshine and bird-songs we might still be in doubt as to the approach of the season of bud and blossom, but we have a surer foundation than these for the hope that is in us; the athletic spirit, rousing from its winter's sleep, is again upon us. Boats have been brought out, carefully overhauled, and launched; crews are practising daily on the lakes; tennis courts have been marked off afresh and tennis nets put up; long tramps after botanical or entomological specimens are daily organized; and the feasibility of an Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, to include at least all the woman's colleges of the East, is again a subject of discussion. All these things have been of old, but the athletic spirit has manifested itself in yet another way this spring — in the formation of a bicycle club.

Surely, of all the amusements which women have adopted within the past few years, none is so thoroughly charming as bicycling. One might easily wax as enthusiastic over it as good Izaak Walton over angling. "Truly, it is a most sweet and delectable sport, and one passing well fitted to maidens fair. For, safely seated upon their wheels, they may ride smoothly along the beauteous roads in the which the neighborhood of Wellesley doth so abound, and the while they do receive most health-giving exercise, their minds may be free to take in the scenes about them. There may they see how Dame Nature hath spread a carpet for her house of divers shades of green, and how she hath tricked it out with flowers of varied hues; yea, and since these be too delicate for the full strength of the sun, how cunningly she hath woven for them a screen of leaves and branches and running vines. Many a fair scene shall linger long in their minds, and health and refreshing for body and soul shall they gain from their pastime."

Nor do the beauty of the roads and the proximity of numerous historic localities, which can in no other way be so easily visited, furnish the only

raison d'être of such a club; the facilities for acquiring the art are so good. Surely no other college has a school of bicycling attached, nor so many unfrequented roads and paths, where self-conscious beginners, trusted for the first time to "go out alone," may find the privacy they value so highly. Good luck to the Bicycle Club, then. May their prosperity increase as their speed, and their success be as bright as their Columbias. It is an organization which has long been needed at Wellesley, and it can hardly fail to grow continuously in numbers and favor.

PERHAPS there is no feeling more deeply rooted in the mind of the average Wellesley student than the sense that the four years of the college course offer such opportunities as she is likely never to meet again, and that it behooves her to make the most of her time. With this end in view, she conscientiously attempts to get the full benefit of every college advantage. She chooses her electives carefully, that she may avoid the Scylla of too narrow a field of effort and the Charybdis of too great diffusion of mental energy; she joins a literary society that she may get an intellectual training differing from that of other college work, and greater opportunities of social life; that her development may not be one-sided she pays due attention to her physical training, and with the praiseworthy view of attaining breadth of culture she attends lectures, receptions, concerts and readings with cheerful persistency.

And yet with all this effort there is one opportunity lying at her very door which is too often overlooked, one faculty which might so well be cultivated, but which is so often utterly neglected. How many students are able, at graduation, to speak their mother tongue fluently and correctly? How many are able, in class or society meeting, to talk well, for ever so brief a period, on the subject under discussion? to give their opinions clearly and connectedly, not wandering from the point, not hesitating and repeating themselves, but saying their say in terse, vigorous, forcible English? Some there are who can do it, and we all know how much influence they have in any discussion, but do not the majority of us, when we rise to speak without careful preparation, find ourselves hesitating, uncertain, reduced to the use

of vague generalities or weak repetitions? Nor is it only in our attempts at semi-public speaking that our command of language fails us.

"Brethren," exclaimed the eccentric Lorenzo Dow, stopping in the midst of an involved sentence, "brethren, my verb has lost sight of its nominative, but I'm bound for the kingdom of glory all the same." Do we not often find ourselves in the same position, in our every-day intercourse? It is not only that our verbs have lost sight of their nominatives, and that our sentences are loosely constructed, and that our adverbs are thrown in at random, but too often we find ourselves quite unable to put our thoughts into words at all, and are forced to break off with an appealing "I can't say it, but you know what I mean, don't you?" or else, valiantly persisting, we lose ourselves in a mist of meaningless words.

Of course, one does not wish to speak or write "like a book," but without becoming stilted it is quite possible to speak forcibly and coherently. Every recitation might be made a drill in speaking, every class or society meeting a training in the "art of putting things." It is not worth while to dwell on the advantages of such a training. The gift of speaking is one which every one admires, for which almost every one longs, and like many another gift it is bestowed in exchange for hard and continued effort. It lies in every one's power to attain it; is it not worth its cost? When we think of what the English language is, we can hardly consider any price too great for the ability to use it well. It is so copious, so rich in possibilities of strength, of beauty, of delicacy, of exactness, that to use it ill seems little short of desecration, and we can but wonder at the blindness with which students, while striving to attain every other advantage of a college course, neglect so utterly this opportunity.

The Free Press.

I.

VOLUNTARY CHAPEL.

The readers of college magazines for this academic year have found no one subject attracting more attention, exciting more real interest in the student body at large, than that of chapel attendance. At least two of our colleges have, through their publications, made a determined effort to become free from the rules which make the student's presence at chapel services a compulsory matter, and many other colleges, though taking no active part, have expressed their cordial sympathy with the position maintained by Yale and Amherst.

In discussing the subject with students here, it is surprising to find how great a majority are not only desirous of voluntary chapel, but are also strongly opposed to the present system. Surprising, for the question is not here made a matter of general discussion, nor has it ever been mentioned in the columns of this magazine. Nevertheless, the feeling exists, and, as I believe, is firmly rooted in the minds of a large number. This being so, the question arises, Why, then, is not something done to effect the realization of our earnest wishes? Some step taken toward gaining voluntary chapel for the ensuing year? Students meet the question by saying that the solution is not in our power, that we have nothing to do with the making of the rules which we obey. Too true! but that by no means relieves us of all responsibility in the matter, for the rules are, for the most part, in accordance with the real feeling of the college. We may not believe in the principle underlying their origin,— we may not approve of legislation without representation, — but we must agree to the wisdom of most of the laws so made. And we must also believe that the faculty of this college desire the assent of the students in the rules which they formulate, that they would consider long before they imposed a measure which they were certain would meet with decided opposition by the body for whose good, presumably, it was meant. So with existing rules, I cannot but believe that should the students unite in expressing their strong dislike of a regulation in regard both to its principle and its practice, the knowledge of such a feeling would have weight with the college legislature, would lead it at least to question the wisdom of continuing to enforce such a rule.

If this is indeed the case, and if it is true that we as a body of students earnestly desire attendance on our chapel services to be in all respects voluntary, then let

us express ourselves to that effect. We have reasons for so desiring, — we can state them. There are objections to be urged against us, — we can answer them. In short, we can do much toward arousing public opinion, — to which, sooner or later, according to its strength, all rules conform.

It is not my intention now to advance arguments in favor of voluntary chapel. The principle on which all such arguments are based would scarcely be questioned in this country, — the principle that compulsion in matters of religion is incompatible with liberty, that compulsory attendance on religious services is, to say the least, undesirable. But I do wish to emphasize one thought, — that private grumbling is not only useless but unfair. We have no right to complain of a grievance toward the remedying of which we are unwilling to lift a hand. We can scarcely expect showers of blessings from our faculty unless we assure them that such a rain-fall would prove acceptable. It is a noticeable fact in the history of Wellesley that the great majority of reforms trace their origin, not to the students, who most feel their need, but to members of the faculty. We have fallen into the habit of thinking that whatever ought to be done, and can be done, will be done without any effort on our part. No doubt, if we wait long enough, the present system will be gradually transformed into a system of voluntary chapel. But what I would urge is that we bestir ourselves, and do all in our power to make this year the last in which attendance on chapel services shall be compulsory. Yale and Amherst have asked that all attendance on their chapel services be made voluntary; their papers have expressed in strong terms the feelings of the students. Their requests have been respected, even though not yet granted. Is there any reason why we should not follow their example?

Frances H. Lucas.

II.

Last month the Free Press called upon us Wellesley girls to "wake up our sleeping patriotism," to "demand for ourselves 'an intelligent interest in the questions of the day.'" One of the "questions" mentioned in that article seems to me to demand more than a passing notice. I refer to the growing recognition of the rights of women in the body politic. It is a question which ought to be of peculiar interest to us as college women. It receives from Wellesley girls even less attention than do those questions which do not so directly affect us.

Though the reading-room is never crowded with newspaper readers, yet, occasionally, I have been obliged to wait a few minutes for my favorite paper. Never once have I needed to wait a single moment for the "Woman's Journal," although

it alone discusses at length the questions most directly connected with women. Even the bulletin board, that great link — to many the only link — between Wellesley and the political and business world, passes these questions by.

Few girls, perhaps, could give a clear and comprehensive history of the recent Belgian revolution, but fewer still are they who could give the history of certain significant acts lately passed by the legislatures of various States — acts which are the forerunners of the coming revolution in the political status of women. Even conservative old Kentucky has been stirred by the spirit of that revolution, and has granted to married women the power to control their own property. The New York legislature, without one dissenting voice, has voted to make the legal power of a mother over her children equal to that of the father.

These are signs, but in the West, that centre of freedom and progress, there are not signs only, but the revolution has begun. Wyoming, with her more than twenty years of experience of full woman suffrage, has sent to the legislature of every State and to the legislative bodies of all the countries of the civilized world, a plea for woman suffrage, a plea based on her own experience. The legislatures of Kansas and Colorado have voted in favor of full suffrage for women. At the next elections the voters will act upon the question of so amending the State constitutions. Bills for full woman suffrage passed the New Mexico and Nebraska Houses, the Minnesota and Michigan Senates. The Nebraska Senate rejected the bill by but two votes, the Michigan House by but one, and in Michigan the question will come up for reconsideration. The Arkansas Senate has voted for school suffrage, the Illinois Senate for township suffrage. In California, school suffrage passed the legislature, though vetoed by the governor.

New England, with her traditions as rockbound as her coasts, has felt at least a thrill. Municipal suffrage for women passed the Vermont House, failed in both the Maine and Massachusetts Houses by only nine votes. Nor is Canada lagging in the march. Both Nova Scotia and Ontario have passed to their third reading bills granting full suffrage to women.

These facts are significant. It is not too much to say that the last year has seen more progress in the cause of woman suffrage than has been made during all the previous years since the movement began. Am I not right in saying that a revolution is at hand? In view of this, shall we Wellesley girls look on with calm indifference, ignore these signs, or even worse, be ignorant of the facts? It is to the college women that the world will look in the next generation for women's leaders. Let us at Wellesley, then, not only "demand for ourselves 'an intelligent interest in the questions of the day,'" but, to quote again from the constitu-

tion of the Agora, let us be ready "to take an active and responsible position on all such questions." Let us keep step with our fellow women outside these college walls in their forward movement.

'94.

III.

Miss Calkins wishes to express, through the columns of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, her sincere appreciation of the kindness with which her persistent questions about Colored Hearing and Forms have been answered. Miss Calkins has realized painfully how troublesome she has been with her circulars, notes and interviews, and is very grateful for the accuracy and the promptness of the replies, and for the cordiality with which the assistance has been given.

Exchanges.

The Board of Editors could not but give a gasp at its first glimpse of the exchange table piled with college publications — daily, weekly and monthly. But consternation has changed to pleasure as we have begun to gain personal acquaintance with these representatives of our brother and sister colleges.

The "Nassau Lit." gives an impression of strength, earnestness and enthusiasm in the literary life of its college. The March number contains mostly fiction. The "Story of a Life" is especially strong in its intense pathos.

The leading prose article of the "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" is a defense of the newspaper man, among whose chief characteristics are mentioned "the habit of telling the truth" and the desire to do justice to "humanity in general." "Another Field for College Men" is a suggestive article on the importance of the study of Social Science.

The "Wake Forest Student" is an exception to the usual college publication, in that it shows throughout a wide-awake interest in public questions.

We welcome "The Integral" of the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, to our exchange list. Its leading article is "The Development of Scientific Schools."

"Our Magazine" of the North London Collegiate School for Girls gives an interesting glimpse of "A Fresher's Life at Girton." The entire magazine, from its editorials to its "ads.," will prove of interest to an American reader.

One of the best of our exchanges for March is the "Southern Collegian." It is well seasoned with the spice of variety, and its pictures form only one of its

many attractions. The veil is lifted from a strange bit of history in the story of the life and tragic death of "The Last Prince of the Welsh." The selections in "The Bard of the Dimboritza" haunt us with their subtle, eery strangeness, and we long to know more of the Roumanian people, so filled with the sense of "the wide, incurable sadness of life."

From the verse of the month we quote the following as suggestive of the springtime: —

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Throughout the days when winter's hand
  Holds all the earth in keeping,
In mossy beds beneath the snow
  Arbutus-buds lie sleeping.

When April comes,— in haste to fling
  Aside the snowy wrapping,
And find, each in its blanket snug,
  These baby buds a-napping,—

With loving touch and soft caress
  She'll wake them from their slumber;
And pink and white, each little face
  Will smile in baby wonder. — THE MT. HOLYOKE.

The March exchanges contain much *verse*. The one *poem* is found in the "Nassau Lit." "The Last Immortals" should be read in its entirety.

THE LAST IMMORTALS.

III.

A woman's wealth of wayward hair,
Caressed by every wandering air —
Something of sweetness, like breath of hay —
Something of softness, like dusk of day.

A woman's eyes — not deeply dark,
Not making of life their target mark,
Simply a sky-like depth of blue,
Unclouded, clear — above all, true.

A woman's voice — a voice that thrills
Like the liquid tune of brook-girt hills;
And yet unlike, for there is no sound
Like this the whole wide world around.

A woman's heart,— not tinsel gold,
Gold is too poor, too hard and cold;
But mirrored in voice, and eyes, and hair,—
The essence of all that makes her fair.

IV.

It is left to us still,
Though the years work their will,
And have wasted in truth
Their chivalrous youth,
The heart of a woman inspires us still!

April brings the annual blossoming of new editorial boards. Of course, they all "put their best foot forward" for the first issue, and the result is a number of very readable exchanges.

The "Yale Lit." is an especially good number; particularly the Portfolio, the junior prize oration on "Burke and Gladstone as Philosophical Statesmen," and a sympathetic account of the "Life Work of Dorothy Wordsworth."

The "Wesleyan Argus" and the "Wesleyan Lit." both notice the establishment of Phi Sigma's new chapter at Middletown. The "Argus" gives quite a long account, not only of the infant Beta Chapter, but also of the work of the Wellesley Society.

The "Tuftonian" announces the new and very liberal curriculum which Tufts College offers next year. It also states that twenty-five young ladies are expected to enter Tufts next fall.

World's Fair exhibits are described by the various college journals. There seems to be a great similarity in them all.

The "Yale Courant" has begun what promises to be a very interesting series of short and informal articles on subjects connected with college life, contributed by prominent professors and graduates of the university. Professor McLaughlin has opened the series with a most timely and helpful "Word about College Journalism."

The senior class at Brown have voted to use no wine or any form of liquor at the senior class supper.

The Wellesley world will be interested in a decidedly warm defense of the college woman by a graduate of Barnard, which appears in the "Columbia Literary Monthly" for April.

CLIPPINGS.

NOT BACHELORS.

When a man from Columbia takes his degree,
To his name he affixes the title A. B.
When our sister co-eds pass their final exams.,
Do they henceforth, I wonder, become A. *O-Ms*?

R. L.
— COLUMBIA LIT.

Masquerade.

Two souls masked under faces met one day;
  Beneath the masks each saw the other's eyes.
Together from the dancing throng away
  They drew, with strange, new joy and sweet surprise.
Then, filled with longing vague, and swift unrest—
  "Unmask! Show me thy very self!" said one.
The other wept: "Alas, the bitter jest!
  Thou know'st I may not till the dance is done."

K. Warren, '89.

—Vassar Miscellany.

To the West Wind.

Wind of the glowing west,
  Chanting thine evensong to tired day,
Blow fair and free across the mountains' crest,
  Waft dream-thoughts from the cloudland far away,
Where cliffs and woods blend in the evening's gold
In glories manifold.

Voice of the dying light,
  Banish the tangled mist from out my brain,
And ever singing in thy dewy flight
  With sweetest touch of restful night, again
Weave prophecies of still more glorious day,
And bring me peace, I pray.

B.

—Brown Magazine.

Sonnet.

How often, in the silent hours of thought,
  When brooding doubts upon the spirit lie,
Some peal of nobler harmony is caught—
  A far-off echo from eternity.
Upon our ear it rings with sudden thrill
  Of new-born ecstasy and pure delight;
And hope, our inmost longings to fulfil,
  The beauteous music hastens to invite.
Yet as we try to captive hold the strain
  Forever, faint and fainter still it grows,
Till, like the tropic twilight's narrow reign,
  It vanishes as quickly as it rose.
Oh, heavenly message! with us longer stay,
  Nor wing thy restless flight so soon away.

—Columbia Lit.

Book Reviews.

SMALL TALK ABOUT BUSINESS. By A. E. Rice. A Banker's Business Hints for Men and Women. Published by the Fremont Publishing Company, Fremont, Ohio. 60 pages. Paper, 40 cents. Cloth, 75 cents. Sent by mail, postage paid. Index circulars free.

Books upon business topics are common enough, but we have seen none so practically helpful to all classes as this. It appeals to the old, middle-aged and young, telling them just what they want to know concerning every-day business affairs. It is receiving high commendation from many prominent men, and is a book that should be in the hands of every man and woman. The book has a pretty appearance — a gem of the printer's art.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From D. C. Heath & Co.:

L'Expedition de la Jeune Hardie, by Jules Verne; edited by W. S. Lyon.

Une Adventure du Célèbre Pierrot, by Alfred Assolaut; edited by R. E. Pain.

Les Enfants Patriotes, by G. Bruno; edited by W. S. Lyon.

Histoire d'un Paysan, by Erckmann-Chatrian; edited by W. S. Lyon.

Petite Histoire de la Littérature Française, by Professor Delphine Duval, of Smith College. (To be issued this month.)

College Notes.

The June number of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE will be delayed in order that it may contain the news of the last weeks of the college year. It will be sent to those subscribers who have left the college.

The Wellesley College Bicycle Club has been recently organized with the following officers: Mary McPherson, '93, president; Mabel Davison, '95, vice-president; Laura Mattoon, '94, secretary and treasurer; Professor Wenckebach, captain; Gertrude Angell, '94, first lieutenant; Mary Tooker, '93, second lieutenant; Dominick Duckett, business manager.

The officers of the Club of '97 are: Denison Wilt, chairman; Grace Bean, secretary and treasurer; Emory Tompkins, historian; Grace Ball, factotum; Minnie Miller, Minette Butterfield, Denison Wilt, executive committee.

At a meeting of the Wellesley Chapter of the College Settlement Association, the following officers were elected: Helen Kelsey, '95, president; Edith Crapo, '94, Helen James, '95, vice-presidents; Alice Kellogg, '94, secretary.

On Monday evening, April 17, Ernst Perabo, pianist, and Mr. Listemann, violinist, gave a concert in the chapel, assisted by Miss Priscilla White, soprano, and Miss Fanny Berry, accompanist. Selections from Beethoven, Handel, Chopin and Liszt were included in the programme.

The class in mineralogy recently enjoyed a visit to the Natural History Rooms, Boston; they also spent a few moments at the Institute of Technology, where they were permitted to examine some of the rarer mineralogical specimens.

The '94 "Half Shell" has already encountered two rivals in the shape of the Sophomore boat and the new one lately purchased by Miss Hill. All three of the boats are notable for their length and are furnished with sliding seats.

Miss May Lemer, '93, and Miss Bancroft, '92, spent Sunday, April 30, at the college.

The lecture on Tennyson, delivered Monday evening, April 24, by Prof. Bliss Perry of Williams College, was highly appreciated, especially by literature students. Various readings illustrative of the poetic imagination were given from the later poems of Tennyson.

The junior reception to the class of '96 took place Monday afternoon, April 17, in the gymnasium. After presentation to the '94 president, the guests were seated, and an entertainment in the form of an operetta, entitled the "Rebellion of the Daisies," was furnished for their amusement. Later came dancing and refreshments.

Monday afternoon, April 24, the zoölogy class visited the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge.

It has finally been decided that the class of '95 shall be permitted to come under the new curriculum, but owing to the fact that their work in Bible has been heretofore entirely upon the Old Testament, a course of two periods a week is required in that study for next year.

Crew songs are already being practised for the Float.

On Monday afternoon, May 1st, the members of the faculty gave a reception to the class of '93 in the Art Building. A number of outside guests were present.

The concert for the evening of May 1 was given by the Beacon Male Quartette of Boston. As usual, they received a hearty welcome.

On Saturday evening, April 29, in the Faculty Parlor, Miss Hart gave a delightful reception to her freshman rhetoric classes.

Thursday evening, May 4, Prof. Henry Drummond gave a very interesting talk in the college chapel. An unusually large audience was present.

A very pretty affair was the "At Home" given by Miss Trebein, Miss Dennis and Miss Simms in the gymnasium, May 8. Dancing began at about three and lasted until after five. Upon a table near the entrance stood great masses of pink and white roses, and each guest, on taking her leave, received one as a charming souvenir of a charming occasion.

The Art Society gave a delightful reception on May 8th, in the Farnsworth Art Building.

On Monday evening, May 8, our hearts were made to burn within us by Mr. Riis' lecture, "The Children of the Poor." Stereopticon views helped to portray, as mere words cannot, both the darkest and the brightest side of the New York slums.

The class of '96 held its first social on the evening of May 6th. The ingenuity of the girls was tested in their guessing the titles of books suggested by simple devices.

Miss Elizabeth Blakeslee, '94, has been visiting her sister Helen at the college.

Sunday evening, May 7, Miss Gregg, city missionary of New York for the Wellesley College Christian Association, gave a very interesting talk, in the college chapel concerning her work. A full attendance testified to the interest of the students.

A formal christening of the sophomore boat took place Friday evening, May 5. The name chosen is "Soangataha," meaning "brave-hearted." A large audience gathered to witness the ceremony, but it is feared that a slight misunderstanding prevented some of the college members from being present. A senior was heard anxiously inquiring if the christening was to take place in the gymnasium.

LAUNCHING SONG.

(Sung at the launching of '95's new boat.)

I.

Hail to our fair Soangataha!
Hail to Lake Waban so blue!
  Waves sparkle bright,
  In silvery light,
Hail to our brave-hearted crew!

Chorus.

Hail, hail, speed from the shore!
  Blithe Soangataha,
  Lithe Soangataha;
Sail, sail, with glistening oar,
Joyously float evermore!

II.

Waban is kissing a welcome,
Cloudlets are stooping to see,
  Trees gently sway,
  Th'wind stops his play,
All give their welcome to thee.

Cho.

III.

Long life to thee, Soangataha!
Blest be each voyage that you make!
  Swiftly fly on,
  Strong-hearted one,
Dancing across our bright lake.

Cho.

Mary C. Adams, '95.

On the afternoon of Monday, May 1, in the gymnasium, the Wabanites gave a charming May-day party, over which their gracious May-queen presided. The beautiful May-pole dance, so skilfully executed, was a picturesque feature of the occasion.

Society Notes.

The Shakespeare Society held its regular meeting in the Art Library on Saturday evening, April 29. The following was the

Programme.

A Study of the Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Shakespeare News . . . . . Gertrude Wilson
The Relation of the Play to Shakespeare's Other Works . Elizabeth Hardee
Dramatic Structure of the Play . . . . . Mabel Shuttleworth
Dramatic Representation.

Midsummer-Night's Dream. Act V. Scene I.

Pyramus . . . . Caroline Newman
Thisbe . . . . . Alice Hamlin
Moonshine . . . . . Helen Stahr
Wall . . . . . Katharine Lord
Lion . . . . . Mabel Shuttleworth

A Study of the Lyrics . . . . . Louise Pope
A Study of the Fairies . . . . . Mabel Wells
Comparison of Puck and Ariel . . . . . Alice Hunt
Sketches of the principal characters with general discussion of each.

At the meeting of the Phi Sigma, April 15th, the subject for discussion was Dramatic Monologues Treating of Love.

Programme.

1. Studies from the Love Monologues . . . . Lucy Hartwell
2. Sequence of Lyrical Monologues, "James Lee's Wife," Susan D. Huntington
3. Browning's Conception of Love . . . . Mary E. Dillingham
4. Evolution of the Dramatic Monologue in Browning's Poetry, Katharine Lee Bates

At the meeting of Phi Sigma, April 22, dramatic monologues treating of religion were discussed.

1. The Religious Teaching of Browning as Found in "The Death in the Desert" . . . . . Clara Count
2. "Saul." A Presentation . . . . . Helen Foss
3. Browning's View of life as Expressed in "Rabbi Ben Eyra," Elinor F. Ruddle
4. Song . . . . . Helen Foss
5. "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day." A study . . Mary H. Holmes
6. Song . . . . . Caroline Hough

The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held on May 6, when the following programme was presented: —

Boston Followers of Pythagoras and Phidias.

Music: Country Dance by Nevins, ... Gertrude Bigelow, '93
Winifred Augsbury, '95
Bits from the History of the Musical Societies . . Gertrude Bigelow, '93
Boston Art and Artists in Painting and Sculpture . . Grace L. Addeman, '95
Is a Good Musical Education Possible in America? Boston's Answer,
Elizabeth M. Wood, '94
Music . . . . . Alethea Ledyard, '95
The Architectural Transition from Puritan Primness to Modern
Attractiveness . . . . . Marion N. Wilcox '93

Miss Ada L. Joslin and Miss Elizabeth Blakeslee, '91, were present at this meeting.

The regular meeting of the Agora was held Saturday evening, April 15. The topic for the evening was "Communism," the first form of "Socialism," the subject of study for the term. The following was the programme:

Extemporaneous Speeches on Current Events.

Recent Western Elections; their bearing on Woman's Suffrage,
Mary Young, '95
Recent Railway Decisions; their significance . . . Ora Slater, '94
Anna K. Peterson, '94
Communism: an Attack on the Present System . . Stella M. Osgood, '94
Fourier and French Communism . . . . . Lida A. Bateman, '94
Owen and English Communism . . . . . Louise McNair, Sp.
Communism in the United States . . . . . Bertha C. Jackson, '94
Discussion: Causes for the Failure of all Communistic Schemes.
Leaders, { Julia P. Burgess, '94 / Clarissa Bensen, '94

Miss Katharine Coman was received into the society. Miss Mary Whiton Calkins has recently become a member of the society.

On April 29, in the Art Gallery, Mr. Stetson entertained the society and its guests with an account of his trip to Norway. Extracts were read from Mr. Stetson's journal, and illustrated by photographs and articles of native manufacture.

The members of the society in Norumbega received the society on Saturday afternoon, April 29, to meet Mr. Stetson.

A regular meeting of the Art Society was held April 8th.

Programme.

Modern French Sculpture.

Paper: Classic French Sculpture and its Disciples . . . Miss Pressey
Paper: Antoine Barye; his work and influence . . . . Miss Pond

Illustrations.

Art News . . . . . Miss Welsh
Discussion: Comparison of the French and Greek Treatment of Mythological Subjects. Leaders, { Miss Perry / Miss Winton

Alumnae Notes.

The Wellesley Club of New York held its last meeting before the summer at the home of Miss M. Louise Brown, on Saturday afternoon, April 29. A most cordial spirit characterized the meeting. The successes and failures of the year past were discussed, and some new plans adopted for the coming year. The following officers were elected for the year 1893-94: President, Mary A. Edwards; vice-president, Harriet F. Husted; secretary, M. Louise Brown; treasurer, Helen Pierce. Executive committee: chairman, Sarah J. McNary; M. Augusta Johnson, Candace Stimson. It is the earnest wish of the New York club that all Wellesley girls in or near New York, not already members, will send their names to the secretary, Miss M. Louise Brown, 1 West 81st street.

Mrs. Josephine Newton, '90-'92, spent the first days of May at the college, on her way to Chicago.

The marriage of Miss Mary Emily Cobb, '88-'90, to Mr. John Crosser of Buffalo, N. Y., has been announced for May 18, 1893.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Marion Frances Parker, '91, to Mr. William Andrew Perrin of Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Jane McArthur, '92, after an extended trip through New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, is soon to visit friends at the college.

Miss Roberta Allen, who since February has been visiting in Newark, Baltimore and Washington, is now with friends at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The meeting of the Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, held April 22, was devoted to studies in sociological work. The following pro-

gramme was presented: LePlay's Family Monographs, Miss Emily G. Balch; The Andover House, Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn; The Salvation Army, Miss Amelia L. Owen. Among those present were Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, '81; Miss Florence Bigelow, '84; Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84; Mrs. Susan Maine Silver, '86; Miss Retta Winslow, '88; Miss Martha Goddard, '92; Miss Geraldine Longley, '92; and Miss Maude Keller, '92.

On May 4 the members of '90, who were in the vicinity of the college, met for an informal reunion with their honorary member, Prof. Henry Drummond. The following members of the class were present: Miss Mabel Curtiss, Miss Carol Dresser, Miss Ruth S. Damon, Miss Rosa Dean, Miss Lena Brown, Miss Charlotte Greenbank, Miss Ida Wallace, Miss Mary Fitch, Miss Anne Bosworth, Miss Annie Smith, Miss May Hamilton and Miss Mary Barrows.

At the reception given by the faculty on May 1st, the following among the alumnæ were present: Miss Laura Parker, '87; Mrs. Alice Vaut George, '87; Miss May Gilman, '88; Miss Mary Sawyer, '88; Miss Essie Thayer, '89; Miss Clara Mowry, '89; Miss Caroline Williamson, '89; Miss Josephine Thayer, '92.

Mrs. Mabel Nevins Mather, '87, has moved to Cambridge.

Mrs. Henrietta Wells Livermore, '87, is visiting her former home in Cambridge.

Miss Edith True, '87, and Miss Mary Stewart, '84-'88, spent the afternoon of April 29 at the college.

Mrs. Mary Walker Porter's ('89) address is now 418 Henny street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or 29 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Miss Louise H. R. Grieves, student at Wellesley, '83-'84, expects to finish the medical course at the Women's Medical College this month.

Miss Hester Nichols, '84, is lady principal at Nichols' Academy, Dudley, Mass.

It is announced that Miss Gelston, a former teacher of Greek at Wellesley, is to be married in September.

Miss Mira Jacobus, formerly of '92, is teaching a few hours a day in the public schools of East Los Angeles, Cal.

Harriet Pierce, '88, is studying at the college during the spring term.

Leona Lebus, '89, is teaching in the Los Angeles High School.

Miss Harriet Lathrop Merrow, '86, is at college expecting to take her Master's degree in June. She has studied cryptogamic botany at Michigan University, and under Prof. Seymour of Harvard.

College Bulletin.

May 14. Rev. H. P. Dewey of Concord, N. H., preaches in the chapel.
May 15. Concert.
May 21. Dr. William H. Willcox of Malden preaches in the chapel.
May 22. Junior Temperance Debate.
May 29. Glee Club Concert.
June 4. Dr. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge preaches in the chapel.
June 5. Concert.
June 6. Examinations begin.
June 11. G. B. Willcox of Chicago Theological Seminary preaches in the chapel.

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Births.

Born, March 4, 1893, a son to Mrs. Christabel Lee Safford, '88.
Born April 22, 1883, a daughter, Calma, to Mrs. Nellie Wright Howe, '84.

Deaths.

In Boston, April 3, 1893, Helen E. Clay, sister of Blanch L. Clay, '92.

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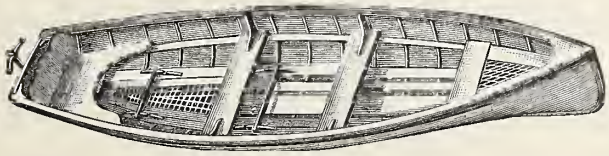

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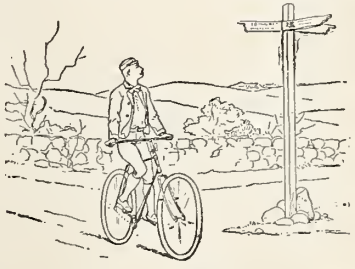

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